Harry to Harry, ſhall hot horſe to horſe
Meet, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe?
Oh, that Glendower were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learnd in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.
Doug. That's the worſt tidings, that I heare of it.
Wor. I, by my faith, that beares a frosty ſound.
Hot. What may the kings whole battel reach vnto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be,
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of vs may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs take a muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.
Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtalffe, and Bardoll.

Falſt. Bardol, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of Sacke, our ſouldiours ſhall march through. Wee'le to Sutton cophill to night.
Bar. Will you giue me money, Captaine?
Fal. Lay out, lay out.
Bar. This bottle makes an angell.
Fal. And if it doe, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty, take them all, ile anſwere the coynage, bid my Lieutenant Peto meet me at Townes end.
Bar. I will, Captaine, farewell. *Exit.*
Fal. If I be not aſhamed of my ſouldiers, I am a ſoue't gurnet, I haue miſuſed the kings preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150. ſouldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe me none, but good houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted batchelers, ſuch as had beene askt twice on the banes, ſuch a commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as lieue heare the Diuell, as a drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe thē a ſtrooke foule, or a hurt wild-ducke: I preſt me none, but ſuch toſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices, and now,

now, my whole charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corpora
tenants, gentlemen of companies, ſlaues as ragged as La
the painted cloth, where the gluttons dogs licked his fo
ſuch as indeed were neuer ſouldiers, but diſcarded, vn
uingmen, yonger ſonnes to yonger brothers, reuolted
and Oſtlers tradefalne, the cankers of a calme world, an
peace, ten times more diſhonourable ragged, then an o
ancient, and ſuch haue I, to fill vp the roomes of them
bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke, that
hundred and fiftie tottered prodigals, lately come fro
keeping, from eating draffe and husks. A mad fellowe m
on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the Gibbe
preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeene ſuch skarcro
not march through Couentry with them, that's flat:
the villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had g
for indeede, I had the moſt of them out of priſon, there
ſhirt and a halfe in all my companie, and the halfe ſhir
napkins tack't together, and throwne ouer the ſhoulde
Heralds coate without ſleeues, and the ſhirt, to ſay the
ſtolne from my hoſt at S. Albones, or the red-noſe Inke
Dauintry, but that's all one, thei'le finde linnen inough
ry hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prin. How now, blowne Iacke? how now, quilt?
Fal. What, Hal? how now, mad wag? what a diuel do
in Warwickſhire? My good L. of Weſtmerland, I cry yo
cie, I thought your honour had alreadie bene at Shrewsb
Weſt. Faith, ſir Iohn, t'is more then time that I were
and you too, but my powers are there already: the king I
you, lookes for vs all, we muſt away all night.
Falſ. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, t
Creame.
Prin. I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft h
ready made thee butter: but tell me, Iacke, whoſe fellow
theſe that come after?
Falſ. Mine, Hal, mine.
Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch pitifull raſcals.
Fal. Tut, tut, good inough to toſſe, foode for powder,